



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

THE ALDINE.—Vol. VII

January, 1874, to December, 1875.

THE ALDINE COMPANY, Publishers.

JAMES SUTTON, President.

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1875.

BY THE DEAD.

SHE lay in her chamber, peaceful and still,
And silent, as all of us some day will.

Her hands held fast, on her marble breast,
A lotus-lily, in dreams of rest.

Her eyes were shut on the world of men,
Never to weep and grow dim again

At the sorrowful story of grief and loss,
Or darken with pain at the weight of a cross;

And her lips were shut close, as if to keep
The secrets of death and its wonderful sleep.

"Waken, darling," he cried, and laid
His hands on the clasped hands of the maid.

"Or is it *not* slumber that holds you here,
In this strange, white silence? Answer, dear.

"Open your lips, as a flower unfolds,
And tell me the secrets your silence holds.

"Lift from your cheeks that are waxen white
The gold of your lashes, and let the light

"Of eyes the sweetest I ever knew,
Like the sky at sunset, tremble through.

"I forget! You are deaf to the words I say,
The soul that would answer has gone away.

"Dead? dead? Oh you are not! It can not be!
Waken, darling, and answer me!

"See! here is a rose, a great white rose,
Sweet as true love is, and pansy-blows

"All wet with the tears of the angels. Wake,
And take them and wear them for love's sweet sake.

"I clasp your hand in my own, and cry,
'Is it such a terrible thing to die?'

"The hardest lot is to live, and know
That a face is hidden in grass or snow,

"That was fairest of all things under the sun:
To think that the dream of all dreams is done;

"To know that the years, be they many or few,
Will be years of longing and grief for you!

"My sweet, dead rose! If I lay by your side,
If I had died on the day you died,

"And the same low grave that will cover you
Could shut us both from the world we knew,—

"Away from the woe and the ills that fret,
From loss, and longing, and all regret,—

"Oh, love, such slumber would be so sweet,
Wrapped in daisies from head to feet,

"Or snow that is white as the cheeks I kiss,
Where the roses were that I so much miss!

"But that can not be! You will rest and dream,
Like a lily asleep on an eddied stream,

"While I go on with the tide of life,
And think of you in its fiercest strife,—

"Think of the girl with the pansy-eyes,
And the sometime gladness of Paradise.

"For over there, when the end shall come
Of waiting, and sleeping,—no longer dumb

"To the words I utter, your lips will meet
My own in a kiss that is wondrous sweet.

"Oh pure, white love! Take one last long kiss,
To keep while the time of our waiting is;

"And give it back in that realm so fair,
With Paradise-bloom on your sun-touched hair:
And so,—good-bye! But good morning *there!*"

—Eben E. Rexford.

DREAM-FAIRIES.

THEY are a misty, shadowy, sensitive troop from the spirit land, who touch you with such delicate yet most potent fingers, that you are fain to believe their magic is only the much bepraised and misunderstood faculty—imagination. That mental quality, besides its other functions, is in this case only a suitable canvas on whose ready surface these dream ones paint with wondrous grace, and such tender, truthful,

often gleeful, sometime mournful brushes—dipped, unseen, in marvelous colors—that their pictures, hanging in the gallery of man's memory, make him an art-lover, though he will not always admit the fact. Is it of any consequence to them whether a man be cross-grained, sour, uncomfortably ugly? Very little. For they have sweetness and sunlight at their call, and can let them down upon him in such measure that his narrow soul expands, for a while, at least, until they have time to charm with a picture, whose memory, somehow, holds him afterward, causing the doors of his old life to open unwillingly when he shrinks back to go in again. One day these dream-spirits will keep him so long looking that the doors will never open, even if he has the heart to go back to them; and then because he must get a new place to live in, he may be a broader, better man.

Come the dream-elves to that valued conservative, the "practical" man? Aye, indeed they do: though with so gentle presence he does not think the prosaic visions interlined among his plans can be other than the natural results of forethought and sober, logical desire to act well his part. Do you suppose, for one moment, they could neglect so promising a subject? Not at all. Why, they come to him in crowds, and cling about him so that were he any other kind of the genus homo he could not help but see them; and, knowing this right well, they are ever ready with such rare browns and grays, and "common," but most rich and art-full hues, for the beautifying of his steady, strong, common-sense life, that his days resemble the golden ones of harvest, containing sustenance for dependent ones, enriching the rest of us unworthy with wisdom. All this without his knowing one whit of their visitation, over which they exult with almost riotous but silent joy, for they never speak; if they did, 'twould spoil their mission.

They come with careful, delicate approach to him who, silent and sensitive, can not, to save his life, speak out or write the thoughts that burn within him; who is known among us as "reserved—peculiar." Ah, to see this "companie of faeries" venturing near him when, tired with the struggle against the world which can not understand his silence, he is in discouraged revery. How their beautiful, ethereal faces beam with sympathy and confidence of power to help him. How they stay his outcoming gloomy fancies, and with their loving hands retouching, soften the dark shadows and give the light more shining influence, until his face is irradiate by their cunning, immortal skill, and his soul illumined with their heavenly contact! How the man is changed in his thinking—wondering the while how it can be—utterly unconscious of their nearness! How they stay by him, even until the sweet angel of sleep bids them good-night, ere they depart to bless some other of humanity! Linger still, they leave even then a picture that shall remain with him—a promise until the time when the cord of his soul's tongue shall be unloosed, and all the life-pent self-hood of the man be gathered into the near hearing of Him who imposed so long silence only that it might be no infant's babbling heralding the first full utterance of His child.

Where next go the dreamland fairies? Is there the youth or maiden in all the land *they* do not know? Go they not to all such, whether of high or low degree, causing such photography in the hearts of either that their work is now almost the oldest story of earth? Hardly is there a girl into whose life they have not strayed, setting up some man who may be only medium, and glorifying him to that extent the world can hold no other like him. Is it mischievous and wicked of them to lead her into thinking of him as the noblest man created—his words more full of lingering harmony than the dreamiest music—his presence, strength; his absence, weakness? No; for all these he may one day be to her, if he will; and the fairies from the country of visions can only paint what *may be*, not what will be.

Is it wrong for them to come with skill into a man's forecasting, filling it with rosiest light, born of the central woman's figure which they would fain have him believe is an epitome of all heart's joy? Never; for if she *be* but ordinary and yet doth *love* him, the fairies keep her before him in most undimmed perfection; and though he may now and then think *he* sees as others look upon her, the first symptom of such a thought is smothered in embryo by the fairies, who interlace their fingers before his eyes, and gazing through them, he is himself again. Even if, in pressure of other mission-business, they sometimes fail to come with ready wit at the right time, and household jars are imminent, the lesson taught by

their first painting is not always forgotten in the smoke of horrible household strife. Then, if children come, these vision-makers come with them, picturing anew the future to father and mother, with its preferment and honor for the child; touching with their loving lips the tiny mouth of the newborn baby, who straightway seems to recognize them with a strange, wondering, far-off look that every mother knows, but can not fathom in the little one.

Ever picturing come the dream-ones to the artist, flinging between him and the sky, that he may see it through the clear crystal they hold over him, their glory of color—tinting all the sunsets with swinging on the horizon their drapery of crimson, gold and gray, making glorious the ocean as they repose, like veriest mermaids, on its calm breast, or hurry, like ghosts of drowned martyr-nuns, through the storm-caused caverns of its waves. They never leave him; but in his self-confessed weakness, in placing with rude hand upon the canvas the copy of sublime and simple Nature, they so direct him, so slyly mix the colors, so fondly gift the journeyman's eyes with more than human seeing, that we common mortals are amazed when his work is finished. And when we humbly stand before it, and are grateful for the giver and the gift, how they make it grow and grow upon us, till the daylight has all faded ere we are aware—the swift minutes and the slower hours alike unheeded in their going!

If these dreamland beings may not speak our language, their power over celestial harmony is such that the musician often hears and gives us, through their kindly mediation, music that in coming down to this our world has lost but little of its holy purity and strength—has fallen but a trifle from the key-note of heaven, considering the distance of most of us from there. And so, to rich and poor, to scholars, priests and kings, to artists, authors, musicians, men, women and the little children, ever come the dream-fairies on their loving and merciful mission, whose beginning is in the rocking-cradle; whose ending will support the second childhood, trembling age, to the last sleeping-place—their power to soothe and rest, from first to last, unwearying and continual. Nay, more; when the last prodigal of earth shall have arisen from among the husks and swine, and shall have accomplished his repentant journey to the Father's house, ere yet the gate of heaven is shut forever, shall come trooping in the dreamland ones, who delayed only to be sure the last wanderer, for whom was given their last effective visitation, had come safely home.

—X. B. Reaux.

CLOCHETTE.

THE LITTLE STORY OF A LITTLE SONG.

"SPINNING was young Clochette,
Came a fond youth to woo;
She was a sad coquette,
He was a lover true."

Long golden lashes fringe a pair of soft blue eyes; and on the breath of the summer night is borne, in a fresh, tender young voice, the words of the little song.

The girl eyes know very well that a pair of dark masculine orbs are shining directly down upon them, striving to discover by flutter of lash or tremor of lid, some answer to the question those same brown eyes have asked over and over, in their dumb, mute language. But the white lids are quite unmoved, and the song goes on in the sweet, pure voice:

"Clochette, Clochette,
You drive me far from you.
Clochette, Clochette,
I come to say adieu!"

"Well chosen, Miss Nelly," interrupts the owner of the dark brown eyes, bending lower as he adds: "You have selected a most appropriate song for my last evening at Cedar Croft."

"You like it, then?" answers Nelly Allen, playing the accompaniment softly, and continuing in a mocking voice, "I thought it *apropos*; one who bears the title of 'flirt,' can, I suppose, readily understand the feelings of a 'coquette' as well!"

"You confound or transpose the positions, Miss Nelly," returned Harry Rand, warmly. "I assure you, it is with the deepest emotion of the 'fond youth' that I most sympathize, for I, too, come to say adieu!"

"Adieu!"—and there is a pathetic tone in her echo of the sad word. Then, with a quick toss of the golden head, and a beaming smile, Nelly Allen